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Leffingwell, Myron

A home run; a drama
of the diamond -



"A H O M E R U N".

A D R A M A O F T H E D I A M O N D

I N F O U R A C T S

B Y

M I R O N L E F F I N G W E L L

C O P Y R I G H T E D 1 9 1 1 .

B Y

A L E X B Y E R S

N O T E

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C H I C A G O , I L L .

PS3523
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1911

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"A HOME RUN."

A Comedy Drama in Four Acts.

Cast of Characters.

Joe Stafford-----Who is working his way through college

Burt Anstey Jr.-----His chum.

Percy Wilkins-----Of the Freshman class.

Mr. Anstey-----A Copper King.

Nick Dusenbury-----Joe's stepfather.

Duke Mawson-----A speculator.

Butch Wilson-----A "Has been."

Hikara-----Mawson's Japanese Valet.

Mr. Brown-----President of the Ball Club.

Cassidy-----A policeman.

Ethel Anstey-----A Heiress.

Ruth Stafford-----Joe's sister, a cripple.

Mrs. Dusenbury-----Joe's mother.

Mrs. Montgomery Bayliss----

S Y N O P S I S

Act 1:-

Rooms of Joe and Burt. Western University.

Act 2:-

Veranda of Hotel Surburbana.

Act 3:-

Home of Mrs. Bayliss.

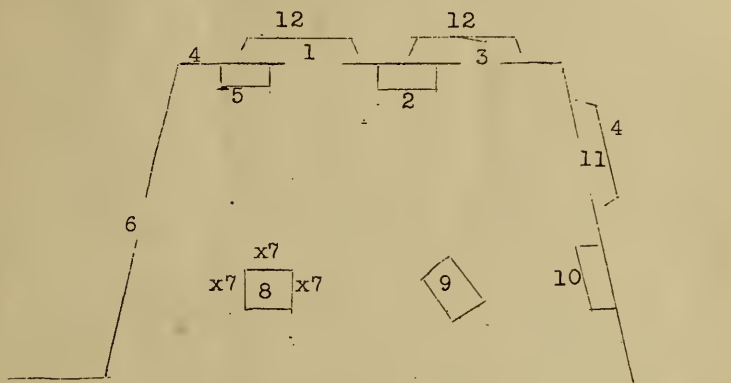
Act 4:-

Outside the Ball Grounds.

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Act First.

SCENE:--Quadrangle Court. Western University. (Rooms of Joe and Burt Anstey) A plainly furnished Interior.



E X P L A N A T I O N

- (1) Window. (2) Dresser. (3) Door. (4) Interior Backings.
 (5) Book-case. (6) Curtained arch. (7) Chairs. (8) Table.
 (9) Couch. (10) Fireplace. (11) Door. (12) Exterior backings.

Set has doors L. and L.2.E. Arch R.2/E. Window R. at back. Arch R.2.E. is curtained. Window R. is curtained. A book-case R. at back. Dresser with oil stove and sihes etc. Couch is down L of C. Table R. with chairs surrounding. Lamp on table not lighted. Pictures on walls, cut from papers, foils, masks and boxing gloves hung up. Tennis rackets, foot-ball flags, a punching bag L. of C. Photographs on mantel. Indian clubs and dumb-bells by fireplace. Fire not lighted. Time:-- Early summer, late in afternoon.

--:--:--:--:--:--

At rise:-- Discovered Burt wearing a long, gaudy lounging robe, and a towel around his head, smoking a pipe.)

Burt

(At table, reads from book.) "The determination of the density of bodies in a state of gas is therefore an operation of the most fundamental importance." Gas! Gas! Gas! Density, I'm dense and that's no lie!"

Chorus

(Outside.)

"Then up spake the cook of our gallant ship,
 And - a red - hot cook, was he!
 Oh, I care more for my kettles and my pots,
 Than I do for the bottom of the sea;
 For the stormy waves do roll,
 And the blustering winds do blow,
 And we poor sailors, a sitting up aloft,
 While the land lubbers lie down below, below, below,
 While you land lubbers lie down below.
 (Geneeal laugh)

(

Burt

(Irrated, slams down book.) Lovely! Lovely! Hear those freshman bleat! (Goes up to window, opens it, shouts.)

"Mary had a little lamb,
She sent it off to college,
And put him in the Freshman class,
That he might gain some knowledge.
Yes, - said it is, to state, alas!
He landed in the Freshman class,
Where it doth always come to pass,
That every lamb turns out an ass."

Bah! Baa! (Imitates bleating of sheep. Yell of Freshman outside)
Yah! Yah!

Voice

Look at his head tied up! Yah!

Burt

Little boys, little boys!

Shouts

(Outside.) Yah! Yah!

Burt

Run around the corner, little boys and play. Go on Toddlekins, Spinkey Wankees, Doodle bugs and the rest. Go play "tag" "Tuss in the corner" and don't make so much noise, or I'll have to come down and spank you.

Shouts

(Outside.) Come on! Who's afraid? Come on - Yah! Yah!

Burt

(Shuts window, slamming it.) A man trying to study and that howling mob! I swear these Freshman are getting to be the limit.

Song (outside)

"S^aid the Bull frog to the owl,
What will you have to drink,
(Repeat twice more)
S^aid the owl I'm not particular,
I'll take a bottle of ink,
Singing tra - la - la - la." etc.

(Dying out in distance. Burt during song, closes blinds, draws curtains and lights lamp.)

Burt

(Grabs up book again. Reads.) "The weight of the smallet, particle of compound, is therefore according th Dalton's theory to be obtained by adding together the weights of its constiluent atoms. (Knocks on door.) Come in! Oh , rats! (Throws volume, as Dusenbury enters. It strikes him.) Hello! Hello!

Dusehbury

Hello? Oh Hell!

Burt

I beg your pardon.

Dusenbury

Beg nothing! 's that the way you receive visitors? (Dusenbury is a seddy individual with a red nose.)

Burt

I'm sorry.

Dusenbury

Of course you are! Knock a man block off and then tell him, you're sorry!

Burt

My examination in chemistry comes off to-morrow, and you see, I'm gridding for it.

Dusenbury

No, I don't see. What are you grinding?

Burt

To put it more plainly, I am stuffing.

Dusehbury

Stuffing?

Burt

(Rpaiddly) Yes, I am swallowing the contents of that text book, which cloddided with your dignified and most honorable personal-

ity, and I am endeavoring to assimilate, as it were, in forty eight hours, the mental pap, which I should have absorbed during the last five months, I hope I make myself clear.

Dusenbury

(Suspiciously.) Say, are you kidding me? What are you trying to give me?

Burt

My esteemed friend, it is beyond my ability to give you anything this afternoon. If you are looking for a contribution, you had better go on your weary way. You have landed in the abode of honest poverty. My chum and I have but two pair of trousers, a sweater and one coat between us. When one goes out the other stays in. Jacob is holding the rest of apparel. To be sure - there is this gaudy affair. (Wrapping long bath robe like a toga around him, and posing.) This is the gift of my fond and foolish sister. Joe is wearing our coat. Joe had to go out.

Dusenbury

Joe!

Burt

Yes. Joe my chum - my room-mate.

Dusenbury

Joe Stafford!

Burt

Yes.

Dusebnbury

I'm his father, I'm Mr. Dusenbury.

Burt

His father?

Dusenbury

Yes, I married his mother. I'm his step-father.

Burt

Oh!

Dusenbury

You must have heard him speak of me?

Burt

No, I can't say I ever have. I have met Joe's mother and his sister, I am glad to have the pleasure of meeting you. Joe, will be in presently. Will you take a - a -

Dusenbury

I don't care of I doq--

Burt

A chair?

Dusenbury

Eh! Yes - oh yes! (Sits)

Burt

(Realizing) I don't know what I can offer in the way of entertainment or refreshment. I think wilkins finished that bottle of "Scotch" the other night. (Finds bottle in drawer of dresses or sideboard at back.) No, he didn't. He must have forgotten. I never knew Wilkins to be so absent minded.

Dusenbury

A student here who knows a lot about Scotch History and Scotch whiskey. There, Mr. Dusenbury, help yourself. (Brings down bottle and glass to table.) There's a Syphon of Seltzer.

Dusenbury

Thank you! I always take my whiskey straight. (Pours out a big drink.) Ain't you going to join me?

Burt

Thank you - no - Joe has inviegled me on the water wagon.

Dusenbury

Here's my regards! (Drinks)

Burt

(Bows) Votre Sante.

Dusenbury

(Coughs) Eh? (spluttering)

Burt

Your good health.

Dusenbury

Oh! So Joe don't drink yet?

Burt

No'.

Dusenbury

He's a very model young man.

Burt

So everyone says who knows him. He's a fine fellow all through - credit to the college, and I'm proud of to be his friend.

Dusenbury

What might your name be? (Enters Percy Wilkins L.U.E.)

Burt

Anstey, Burton Anstey.

Dusenbury

Oh yes, I've heard tell of you - you're the son of old Burton Anstey, the copper King.

Wilkins

(Interrupting) Why yes. Young Burton Anstey is old Burton Anstey's son. Young Burton Anstey will be old Burton Anstey, when old Burton Anstey is done.

Dusenbury

Hello! Burt, how are the hall-rom boys? Who's your friend? Introduce me.

Burt

Mr. Dusenbury , this is Wilkins. He is only a Freshman.

Dusenbury

He's fresh all right, I can see that.

Eurt

Don't mind his ravings. He entered the University with your step-son and myself, and had he behaved himself, he might have a Sophomore - but the flinty hearted faculty decided he should remain a Freshman, and a Freshman he is. We tolerate him for Auld Lang Syne. Mr. Dusenbury - Wilkins, Wilkins, Mr. Dusenbury, know eath other.

Wilkins

(Shaking hands.) Mr. Doos - everybody - glad to meet you.

Dusenbury

Dusenbury - Dusenbury - not Dooseverybody.

Wilkins

Dusenbury - all right. I'll remember. Have you any money, Burt?

Burt

No. Have you?

Wilkins

No, that's the reason I asked you.

Burt

You anticipated me. Broke again, eh?

Wilkins

Broke! I'm granulated. I can't understand you hawing no money though. If my dad was as rich as yours--

Burt

If my father had a son like you, he couldn't be so rich.

Wilkins

Thanks awfully.

Burt

Oh, you can keep the change. My father is a self made man, who believes in his son roughing it a little. He allows me so much to see me through the year, and if I ppend it before the year is out, I have to do without it, that's all. I promised him, I wouldn't go into debt, a gentleman's promise, which of course I have to keep. You know my father worked his way through college - and he says it helped to make a man of him!

Wilkins

Worked his way through college. That's what Joe Stafford is doing. College is Joe's sole ambition. He cares for nothing else.

Burt

Yes, more power to him, as the Irish say. Mr. Dusenbury here, is Joe's step-father.

Wilkins

Is he? Well, he ought to feel honored.

Dusenbury

(Misunderstanding .) That's what I'm always telling them at home. I don't like to toot my own horn - but -

Wilkins

Joe is the greatest short-stop our college has ever knowmand one of the best ball players in America, and he's no slouch of a quarter back either.

Dusenbury

Humph!

Wilkins

I passed Joe as I came up. He's talking to a chap that looks like a Tailor sign.

Dusenbury

Does he wear big diamonds?

Wilkins

He do.

Dusenbury

A well built good looking fellow

Wilkins

(Dubiously) That is a matter of opinion. He's build more nearly, resembles that of a "piano mover" than my own Apollo and Greek God like a figure, still he looks as if in a rough and tumble he might--

Dusenbury

And he's found Joe. Ohk, that's him all right. He's a scrapper he is. Young feller, you don't want to get gay with him or he'll hand you one--

Wilkins

Hand me one? Me? me? Perhaps you don't know who I am. I can keep the flies off any of them, my ancient friend, when I get started. Just watch me. (He slams the punching bag, it swings and hits Dusenbury. Dusenbury enraged, slams it back again. Wilkins hits it again, it slams Dusenbury again. Comedy kept up.) Keep it up! Keep it up! This is great. (Dusenbury runs over, gets Indian club brandishes it at Wilkins. Burt interferes.)

Burt

Here! Here! Cut this out, Wilkins, I'm ashamed of you. Don't mind him, Mr. Dusenbury, he's only a freshman.

Dusenbury

I'll show him! I'll-- (Goes over, takes another drink. Enter Joe Stafford L.L.E. followed by Duke Mawson)

Burt

Here's Joe now! Hello Joe. (Bows stiffly to Mawson.) Mr. Mawson. Joe

Hello Burt, here's a letter for you. I stopped at the post office as I came along. Hello Wilkins!

Wilkins

Hello Joe, I got here before you.

Joe

So I see. Why -- (Looking as Dusenbury)

Dusenbury

Yes, it's me!

Joe

Nothing wrong at home, is there?

Dusenbury

(Carelessly) Oh no!

Joe

How is mother and how is Ruth?

Dusenbury

They're all right. They're always all right. I'm the only one who suffers. How de do Mr. Mawson.

Mawson

Howdy, Dusenbury. (To Joe.) So there's no use of talking to you, eh?

Joe

No!

Mawson

You won't consider my offer?

Joe

I can't!

Mawson

You're foolish.

Joe

Perhaps I am.

Mawson

There's no perhaps about it. Why lots of boys in the college would jump at the chance. Now see here, I'm not going to take "NO" for an answer. I'll give you time to think it over. I'm going to stay around till this evening. I'll call on you again.

Joe

It will be useless.

Mawson

And I'll raise the amount five hundred. I hate to see a good man go wrong as you will do -- if you don't take my offer, I'll see you later.

Dusenbury

Wait, Mr. Mawson, I'll go with you. (Empties bottle of the last drink)

Joe

(Mortified.) What brought you here to-day?

Dusenbury

(Mysteriously.) Business - my boy - business. That's all. (Half jagged.) Mr. Mawson, I am with you. Good afternoon, Mr. Anstey.

Burt

Good afternoon, Mr. Dusenbury. Come again.

Dusenbury

I will!

Mawson

Think it over, Stafford. (Exits L.U.E.)

Dusenbury

Yes Joe, think it over. (Exits L.U.E.)

Wilkins

That big fellow Mawson, seems to have your interests at heart how he smiled at you.

Joe

Yes, like an anaconda smiling at a canary bird.

Burt

(Has been looking over letter.) That's the sort of a sister to have. See what she sent me. (Flourishing P.O. Order)

Joe and Wilkins

A post Office order?

Wilkins

How much?

Burt

A hundred.

Wilkins

A hundred? Hurrah! Let's go out and spend it.

Joe

Decency, Wilkins, try and be decent.

Burt

He can't. He's not like us.

Wilkins

Decent? How can I be decent when I have a friend who is going to spend a hundred dollars with me?

Burt

I'm not going to spend a hundred cents with you.

Wilkins

Stingy! Stingy!

Burt

Shut up! I want to read you Sis's letter.

Wilkins

That hundred's the best part of it.

Burt

Will you shut up? Joe, just brain him with something, will you? (Joe throws Wilkins on sofa, sits on him, stuffs sofa cushion in his mouth.)

Wilkins

(Trying to fight it off.) Take care, you'll smother me.

Joe

Will you be good. (Bus. again)

Wilkins

Yes - yes - you brute.

Joe

Go on, Burt.

Burt

(Reads from letter) "My Poor Dear Brother--" That's the way she begins. "My poor dear Brother-" (Kisses letter.)

Wilkins

That's a great beginning. (Joe threatens him with pillow)

Burt

Why, I am her "dear brother" and I'm poor, and am I not? (Reads) "I can't tell you what a deal of anxiety your letter has caused me. I wanted to tell pa-pah", she always calls dad "papah." Just like that "papah."

Wilkins

Oh scissors. (Pillow bus. same as before.)

Burt

(Continues) "But thought I would await your next letter, I am grieved to know that you are ill."

Joe

Ill? Did you write her you were ill?

Burt

I wrote her I was ill in mind, sick to the heart.

Wilkins

Oh slush!

Burt

(Reads.) "Dear Burt, I fear you are studying yourself to death."

Wilkins

Oh! Oh! Oh! (In convulsions)

Burt

(Imitated.) Cut it out! Cut it out! I didn't wrote her that, she just "fears" it, that's all. What's the matter with you fellows, can't a chap's sister imagine all sorts of things if she wants to? (Looks at letter.) Oh, I say Joe, here is something about you. "I am glad that you and Mr. Stafford are rooming together. I like him very much."

Does she say anything about me?

Burt

Of course not.

Wilkins

Why, I've met her once.

Burt

Maybe that's the reason.

Wilkins

(Protests) Oh, I say--

Burt

Oh, she does refer to you - indirectly. (Reads) "Keep away from that dissipated and idle set, you associated with your first year in college and stick to Mr. Stafford. I fear you must be short of money, so I send you a little - write me if you need more."

Wilkins

Lovely! Lovely!

Burt

"I know you will put it to good use. With love, Your sister Ethel." Oh Ethel, you angel. Of course I'll put your hundred to good use. I must cash this order. The post office isn't closed yet?

Joe

No, it isn't six o'clock.

Burt

(Taking off long dressing gown.) Joe, lend us our coat. (To Wilkins! It's Joe's coat, but I call it "ours", nearly all our clothes are in soak with Jacobs, I'm going to get some of them out. That money comes in the nick of time, or I would have to show up to that chemistry examination in my sweater. Imagine what Professor Dubey would have said. (Joe has taken off coat during speech, and Burt has put it on.)

Burt

Now Joe, put on this robe!

Joe

No, I don't need it.

Burt

Suppose somebody should come in?

Joe

Well, what of it? I'm all right.

Burt

Put on the robe to oblige me. You know this was a gift of Ethel's and she put this bunch of ribbon on the shoulder. Oblige me, old man, do.

Joe

Oh well -- (Surrendering) Go as far as you like.

Burt

Joe, you're a beauty, and a joy forever. Now I'm going to Jacob's first and buy back some of my rags.

Wilkins

Jacobs will be satisfied with a profit of some four hundred percent.

Burt

And I'll get some groceries - some eatables.

Wilkins

Don't forget the drinkables.

Burt

And then---

Joe

Are you going to wear a hat or do you prefer that towel around your head?

Burt

Holy gee! I forgot all about that. I read in a magazine that it was a good thing for the brain while studying. Here, you wear the towel. It goes with the robe. (Tries to tie towel on Joe's head.)

Joe

I'll see you hanged first. (Pushes Burt away)

Burt

(Getting hat) Say Wilkins, are you going with me?

Wilkins

You bet I am. I'll stick to you while you have a dollar.

Burt

Then lead the way. I want to speak to Joe a minute.

Wilkins

Sure. I'll wait for you downstairs. (Exits L.U.E.)

Burt

What did that big chap Mawson want you do do? I know something of him. What is he now?

Joe

A base ball King. He owns a lot of stock in one of the Major League Clubs and he wants me to leave college, and join the Professional ranks.

Burt

And you refused?

Joe

I refused. He offered me all sorts of money, but I have struggled and fought in spite of all discouragements am trying for my future career, vague and misty as it seems, and I'm going to fight it out to the limit.

Burt

Good old Joe! (Offers his hand. Joe takes it. They shake. Going) Do you want anything Joe?

Joe

No, thanks. What have you got the lamp burning for and the daylight shut out?

Burt

I wanted to shut out the noise of that Freshman glee club, who were practicing under the window. Bye -bye. I'll be back soon. (Exits L.U.E.)

Joe

(Joe turns down lamp, goes to window, draws curtains, raises the blind, opens window. Red glow of sunset outside. Joe goes over, picks up photo in frame on mantel. Takes it to table, and looks at it, speaks.) How good Ethel is, how sweet.

Burt

(Re-enters L.U.E.) There's a lady here wants to see you, Joe. Yes, this way Miss. Mr. Stafford is home. (Enters Mrs. Montgomery Bayliss. She is very fashionably dressed)

Mrs. Bayliss

Thank, you, thank you.

Burt

Not at all. (Regards her curiously and looks at Joe, then catches sight of Wilkins who is at door and rubbing over Burt's shoulder)

Wilkins

Isn't she a peach? (Burt indignantly pushes Wilkins away from door, closes it, noise of scuffle heard as of the town of them clemching and rolling down stairs)

Mrs. Bayliss

Dear me, what is that?

Joe

Nothing, probably Wilkins is going down stairs. Don't mind it. He generally goes down stairs that way. It doesn't hurt him.

Mrs. Bayliss

Am I speaking to Mr. Stafford?

Joe

Yes, Miss.

Mrs. Bayliss.

I am Mrs. Bayliss, Mrs. Montgomery Bayliss.

Joe

Glad to meet you, Mrs. Bayliss.

Mrs. Bayliss

Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Stafford, I am trying to find Mr. Mawson. I accompanied him from the city to-day and was to return with him. He told me he had some business on hand with you, and I learned your address, and am here in search of him.

Joe

Mr. Mawson has been here and gone.

Mrs. Bayliss

And I have missed him! That is annoying. We must have come to terms with you very quickly.

Joe

We come to no terms. I couldn't consider the gentleman's proposition.

Mrs. Bayliss

Not at all?

Joe

Not at all.

Mrs. Bayliss

Of course you will think me absurdly impertinent on such short acquaintance, but I think you are hasty. I am a business woman, Mr. Stafford, and am apt to look at most things in this life in a cold commercial way - so pray, pardon me. I have heard of you and am naturally interested. You can't dislike the game you play so well.

Joe

I like baseball for itself, but - but I never want to make a profession of it. I have other ideas, other hopes, other ambitions. I can't give them up at this point. I have cherished them too fondly.

Mrs. Bayliss

Then Mr. Mawson won't get your name to a contract?

Joe

I think not; unless he hypnotizes me.

Mrs. Bayliss

Well , at all events, I want to see morē of you. when you come to the city, call on me. There is a card with my address. Don't fail. (Produces card from bag)

Joe

(Bows) Thank you!

Mrs. Bayliss

I'll go and try to look up Mr. Mawson. Good day. (Going to door)

Joe

Good day.

Mrs. Bayliss

(Bus. Mrs. Bayliss opens door, pauses a second, as if she were going to say something more, changes her mind, about to exit. Ethel Anstey enters. The two women take each other in, Joe does not see Ethel, he has turned his back to table again, thinking Mrs. Bayliss has gone. Mrs. Mayliss exits L.U.E. Joe has picked up Ethel's photo again examining it)

Ethel

¶Solus) I wonder who she is? Visiting my brother. Ah, there's Burt and he's wearing the robe I sent him. What a dear fellow. (Tiptoes down.) And he's looking at my picture! Oh, you darling! (Throws her arms around Joe's neck, kisses him several times before she recognizes mistake, then screams and runs over L.) Oh! Oh! (Sobs, then in temper.) How dare you, sir! How dare you?

Joe

(Staggers.) Why I haven't done anything.

Ethel

You let me kiss you.

Joe

How can I help it?

Ethel

I thought you were Burt, my brother.

Joe

I'm glad I'm not, I mean I'm sorry you made such a fumble, I mean - I mean - Oh, I don't know what I mean.

Ethel

What must you have thought?

Joe

I thought for a moment I was in Heaven, ~~for~~ but I'm waking up.

Ethel

Sir, you have pleased me in a most embarrassing and ridiculous position. As a gentleman you will never mention this to a living soul.

Joe

We willkeep it a secret - just between us two.

Ethel

I see you in a robe similar to one I sent Burt.

Joe

Yes, it's the same one, it's our robe, all right, bless it.

Ethel

Sir!

Joe

Well 9 you see - Burt and I are chums, and he made me put this on--

Ethel
But you were looking at my picture - the photograph - I sent my brother. That also deceived me.
Joe
You see - I admire you very much.
Ethel
Sir!
Joe
In the photograph - I like to study your face as a work of art.
Ethel
Sir!
Joe
In the photograph. The whole picture is artistic.
Ethel
Where is Burt?
Joe
He ran out a few minutes ago.
Ethel
Ran out - as sick as he is?
Joe
Oh, he isn't sick. You see you had the wrong idea.
Ethel
How do you know what idea I had?
Joe
Well, we read you r letter.
Ethel
Me?
Joe
Burt and I - that is - Burt read it to me.
Ethel
Did he read you all of it?
Joe
Yes, no, no, he didn't read what you wrote about me being a nice fellow and that you liked me very much, no he didn't read that.
Ethel
I don't like you - I've chanted my mind.
Joe
Oh, say.
Ethel
I fear there is a gulf between us which can never be bridged. Did that lady who left here as I entered come to see you or my brother?
Joe
Me.
Ethel
(Triumphantly.) I thought so!
Joe
She is --
Ethel
Never mind, sir, I don't invite your confidence--
Joe
But she is--
Ethel
I don't care who she is--

Mr. Anstey
(Roars outside.) Ohk, that's all right, I know the way.

Ethel
That's pa-pah. I know his melodious bellow. Don't let him suspect that you kissed me just now, or he will probably frighten you to death. (Loud rap on door L.U.E.)

Ethel and Joe
Come in. (Anstey enters. He should be a sturdy active man, of about fifty, loud in voice, quick in speech, domineering about good natured~~ly~~, well dressed. A prosperous business man.)

Anstey
Hello! You got there before me.

Ethel
Yes, papah.

Anstey
Where is Burt? How is he?

Ethel
Burt is all right, papah. We were grossly deceived as to his condition. He's not sick at all.

Anstey
I'm glad to hear it.

Ethel
I shan't have the pleasure of nursing him back to health after all

Anstey
I never thought he was sick. I told you were were a fool.

Ethel
Yes, papah.

Anstey
And you are young Stafford, eh? (To Joe).

Joe
Yes sir.

Anstey
I'm glad to know you. I'm glad my boy and you are friends.

Joe
Thank you.

Anstey
I know boys, pretty well and haven't any illusions about them college boys especially. They are generally splendid young sav-ages who want to grow and play and get into all kinds of mis-chief. They don't come here for education. They are not educated. They will never will be. They only remember when they have to, and then they yawn over the operation. When, I hear of a young fellow like yourself, who has the energy to work, and make his living while he is trying to learn something, he interests me, and that is why I say again, Joe Stafford, I'm glad to meet you. (Shakes his hand.) By the way, what are you going to do this summer vacation? I might have a job for you.

Joe
Thank you. I'll take it.

Anstey
I'll pay you two hundred a month and expenses. To go to New Mex-ico for me on a confidential mission connected with my mines. Come to the city and see me at my office after your examina-tions.

Joe

I'll come, sir.

Anstey

Burt has to learn a trade after he finished college.

Ethel

Are you going to make poor Burt work, papah?

Anstey

(Firmly) I am.

Ethel

At what, papah?

Anstey

He shall be an iron moulder, a black smith, or run a bakery. Some sort of trade before he studies a profession. Where is he? Ethel got nervous about him, and she told me, and then the idea got on my nerves that he needed us and we came here like two damned fools.

Ethel

Oh papah, Burt has gone out.

Anstey

After medicine, I suppose. Humph! (Sees whiskey on table, picks it up.) Hello, what's this?

Ethel

(Innocently.) Why papah, it's a bottle.

Anstey

Yes, I can see that. I didn't suppose it was a flat iron or a paper of tacks. It is probably some of your brother's medicine. Ah, you boys have an easier time than I had at your age. I had to rise at five and break the ice in the pitcher to wash with - and then chop wood before I got my breakfast, and all the chores around the boarding house, then off to chapel, and then to lectures.

Ethel

Did you go to chapel every morning, papah?

Anstey

Of course, it was compulsory. We had to. Why?

Ethel

Oh nothing. I suppose that is why it's so hard to get you to go to church now.

Anstey

(Coughs) Never mind about that. I never can recall my college days with all their privations but with pleasure. And when you reach my age, Joe, and become an old fossil like me--

Ethel

Papah! Maybe Mr. Stafford can manage to reach your age and not become an old fossil like you.

Anstey

What's that? What's that? How dare you!

Ethel

I was only quoting you, papah, you said it. Now --

Anstey

(Ad. Lib. Bus. of raising his voice, still has bottle in his hand)
I - I -

Ethel

Now papah, don't shout so. Just think what people would say if they should come in and see you flourishing that bottle and going in so. Why, poor Burt would be mortified to death.

Anstey

(Replaces bottle on table, growls.) It's a pity about him. Poor Burt! Poor Burt! It would do him good to get out and hustle like Joe for an education. You spoil him. Now if Joe had a sister--

Ethel

Joe - Mr. Stafford has a sister.

Anstey

How do you know?

Ethel

Burt told me all about her. I wish he'd come back.

Anstey

Well, I can't waste time waiting for him, come on Stafford, put on your coat and you, Ethel and I will go and look for him.

Joe

(Blankly.) My coat?

Anstey

(Testily.) That's what I said, your coat. You can't wear that awful looking thing out doors. The Freshman would lynch you.

Ethel

"Awful looking thing" - Why papah, that's my present to Burt. (Bus. with Anstey.)

Joe

(Aside.) How can I tell him that Burt is wearing our only coat?

Anstey

Hurry up!

Joe

Well, the fact is--

Burt

(Enters hastily with bundle of coats, trousers etc. Sees Anstey and Ethel.) Ethel! Dad! The devil. (Drops them scattering clothes on floor.)

Ethel

Oh papah, he's as bad as you are!

Anstey

I think he's worse. What is this? Are you going into the clothing business?

Burt

No. Not exactly. (Hugs and kisses Ethel)

Anstey

Explain. (Roars) Explain!

Burt

Oh, that's easy. You see Joe and I-- You've met Joe, haven't you?

Anstey

Yes, I've met Joe.

Burt

Well, you see, we have been borrowing.

Anstey

Borrowing?

Burt

No lending - did I say borrowing? We have been lending all our clothes, and -- (Yo Joe aside) Say something, won't you?

Joe

I can't - I'm speechless.

Burt

Yes, lending our clothes and I've been on a collecting tour getting them back again, and -- (knock on the door.) Come in! (Enters Mrs. Dusenbury and Ruth. Ruth is lame.)

Joe

Mother! Ruth! Well, well, well!

Mrs. Dusenbury

(In agitation.) Joe! Joe! I must see you at once.

Joe

Yes! (Surprised.) My mother and sister, Mr. Anstey.

Anstey

Glad to meet you. Madam, Miss, my daughter. (Murmur of acknowledgement of introduction, on both side. Ethel goes over crossing and asking hands with Mrs. Dusenbury and Ruth.)

Burt

(Notices Mrs. Dusenbury's nervousness.) Come in and look at our other room, dad, I have something to say to you. (At R.E.)

Anstey

(Severely.) Yes, young man and I have something to say to you. (Burt exits, Anstey following.)

Ethel

(Alarmed.) Oh, papah!

Joe

Well mother, something has happened. What is it?

Mrs. Dusenbury

The mortgage - Joe - the mortgage!

Joe

What mortgage!

Mrs. Dusenbury

I forgot - you didn't know. I never meant that you should know, Joe. Three years ago I put a mortgage on our little home for two thousand dollars. Your father suggested and advised it.

Joe

Mr. Dusenbury, eh? Well?

Mrs. Dusenbury

He wanted to establish himself in business.

Joe

The liquor business? So that's where the money came from? Well?

Mrs. Dusenbury

He failed of course.

Joe

Of course; he always fails.

Mrs. Dusenbury

The parties who held the mortgage have been quite kind. I struggled to pay the interest regularly and always managed it. The principal is now over due. Then I went to-day, Mr. Skinner told me that he had transferred the mortgage to another man, who demands instant settlement or will foreclose.

Joe

Who is the man?

Mrs. Dusenbury

Anacquaintance of your father - a Mr. Mawson. (Knock on door L.U.E .)

Joe

Come in! (Mawson, Mrs . Bayliss and Dusenbury enter. Dusenbury last.) Is this the gentleman?

Mrs. Dusebury

Yes, the very man. (Pause)

Joe

I think I understand.

Mrs. Dusenbury

Oh Joe! Joe! what will we do? What will we do? (Weeping)

Joe

(Soothing her.) Hush mother! There! There! Calm yourself. (Pause)

Mr. Mawson, I suppose you have come to play your trump-card.

Mawson

You guessed it! I have. Come, be sensible, Stafford. pere, sign these contracts , and I will add the mortgage as a bonus.

Joe

(Has Bus. of looking at him for a second, turns and walks up the stage looking out window, pause. Mawson follows him up, arguing in dumb show. Mrs. Dusenbury watches them, then sinks on couch down R. overcome with suspense.)

Ruth

(Kneels to her.) There, there mamma, don't take it so to heart.

Don't cry. It will be awful if we lose our little home, but if we

do, we must all take our share of the sorrow. All the burden shouldn't fall on Joe. Think what it means to him to have to leave college now. Think of how he has denied himself from all of us. Come , mamma, be brave.

Anstey

(Re-enters.) It's no use. I can manage that boy when his sister isn't around - but when they join forces, they're too much for me. (Turns around, catches sight of Mawson and Joe up in window arguing heatedly in dumb show.) Duke Mawson by all that's infernal! What in blazes is he doing here?

Mrs. Baliss

(Swpeeps from down upper L.) My dear Mr. Anstey, have you forgotten me?

Anstey

No, my dear Mrs - Mrs - (Aside) I wonder what her name is now? (Gallantly.) To gaze on your sweet face once is to remember it forevermore.

Mrs. Bayliss

Flatterer! (Joe a pparently irritated at the conversation with Mawson , impatiently leaves him and goes L.U.E.)

Mawson

Now listen, Stafford. (Follows after him.)

Joe

See here Mawson - you must give me time to think. (To Dusenbury who has waited at the back L.U.) As for you, I've got something to say to you and I'd better say it outside. (Exit L.U.E. Dusenbury follows. Exit Mawson L.U.E.)

Mrs. Bayliss
Well, Mr. Anstey, why don't you call me by name? Who am I?
Anstey

The most charming of your sex.
Mrs. Bayliss

And my name--
Anstey

Was Mrs. Montgomery.
Mrs. Bayliss

Was - but is!
Anstey

(Grimly.) Well, you see I haven't been keeping tab on you lately.

Mrs. Bayliss
Why you know I married Mr. Bayliss, and I am now using both the names - Mrs. Montgomery Bayliss.

Anstey
Oh yes - yes - how is Bayliss?

Mrs. Bayliss
I divorced him six months ago. I am free - once more. (Sighs)
Anstey

(Aside.) Wonderwul woman. Devil in petticoats. Widows three times - once by death and twice by divorce. I wonder what her game is here.

Mrs. Bayliss
It is both a pleasure and surprised to meet you here, Mr. Anstey.
Anstey

The surprise is mutual, madam. I and my daughter are visiting my son.

Mrs. Bayliss
Oh yes, your son and Mr. Stafford are chums here at the college. I accompanied a gentleman who is having a little business with the latter. Possibly you know him - Mr. Mawson!

Anstey
Oh yes - yes - I knew Mawson.
Mrs. Bayliss

He will be very glad to see you.
Anstey
I don't think he will. There's one thing certain - I won't be glad.

Mrs. Bayliss
Then you are not friends?

Anstey
Decidedly not. I am sorry to hear that young Stafford is having any business dealings with the fellow, who is a few degrees removed from a crook.

Mrs. Bayliss
Why Mr. Anstey - what has he ever done to you?

Anstey
Nothing. I never gave him a chance. But he had the audacity to try and start a flirtation with my daughter when she was at school some two years ago, and by means of forged letters obtained an introduction to her. I heard of the affair and told him that if he ever addressed either of us again, I would break his damned back - Madam, and take pleasure in doing it.

Ethel

(Calls outside.) Papah! Papah!

Anstey

I trust my dear Mrs - Mrs--

Mrs. Bayliss

call

Montgomery Bayliss. Madge is my first name. You can ~~xxx~~ me
Madge if you wish.

Anstey

I wouldn't dare, Mrs. Montgomery Bayliss. I trust you will excuse
the vigor of my language concerning Mawson.

Ethel

Papah, we are waiting.

Anstey

And my abrupt departure, but my daughter is calling. (Exit R.)

Joe

(Re-enters with Mawson and Dusenbury) Mother, will you promise
never to put your home in jeopardy again at Mr. Dusenbury's
solicitation.

Mrs. Dusenbury

Never, Joe, never. (Weeping)

Joe

I will sign--(Turns up lamp on table, takes contract from Mawson.)
Good

Mawson

Good! Mrs. Bayliss, witness there, will you? (Mawson and Joe
and Mrs. Bayliss at table. Joe signs contract. Mrs. Bayliss
signs as witness, Mawson produces copy of mortgage and signs
release in satisfaction, which he has already prepared. While
this business is going on R. Enter Anstey, Burt and Ethel talking
in dumb show.)

Mawson

Here is the release in satisfaction. (Hands over paper and mort-
gage.) Report to me at the park to-morrow at twelve. (To Mrs.
Bayliss.) Come, let's catch that train. Good-night.

Joe

Good-night. (Mawson, Mrs. Bayliss exuent L.U.E. Dusenbury looks
around, follows them.)

Anstey

Don't forget about our business arrangement for your vacation,
Joe?

Joe

I will have to call that off, Mr. Anstey, although I thank you
from my heart for your kindness. I will have no vacation. I
leave College to-morrow.

Anstey, Burt and Ethel

Leave College!

Joe

Yes,) I - I - am going to play ball for a living. (Pause)

Anstey

(Affended.) Well, you know your own business. Come Ethel, come
Burt. (Anstey leads Ethel off L.U.E. Ethel looking back at Joe
who stands by table. Burt comes over, takes Joe's hand. Neither
speaks)

An stey

(Outside) Come along, Burt.

Joe

(Signs him to go. Burt exits L.U.E.)

Mrs. Dusenbury

Joe! Joe! I know what this sacrifice means to you.

Joe

There is the release - keep it safely. (Hands her papers, lights mortgage in lamp. Holds it while it burns. Song outside. "The Soldier's Farewell.")

Mrs. Dusenbury

What are you doing?

Joe

Burning up the mortgage, mother - you will be able to sleep to-night. See, it is going out of your life - smouldering - dying dead - it's like my hopes - my dreams of ambition now - ashes - that's all - ashes. (Has thrown himself in chair of table R. Mrs. Dusenbury on her knees by him, he soothing and petting her. Ruth on couch weeping. Song swells.

Slow curtain.

Soldier's Farewell.

"How can I bear to leave thee,
This parting kiss, I give thee,
I go where duty calls me
I care not what befalls me,
Farewell! Farewell! My won true love,
Farewell! Farewell! My own true love."

C U R T A I N
" " " " " " "

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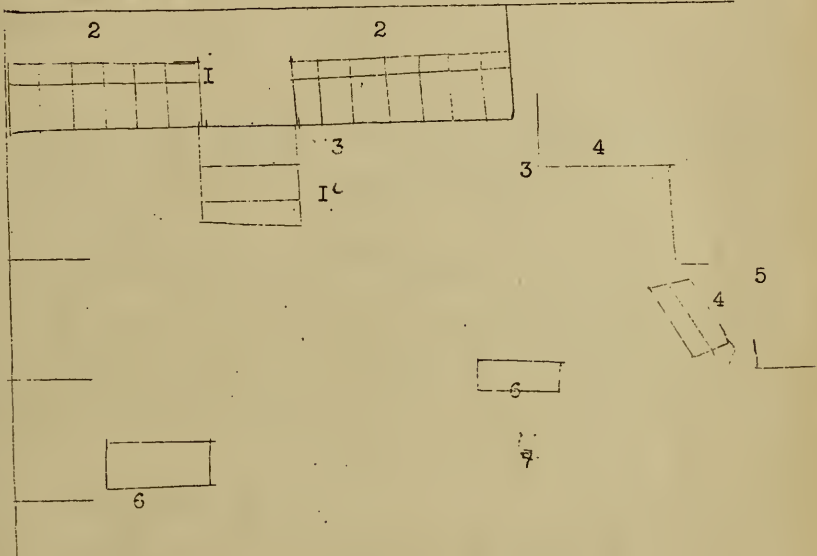
"Home Run."

Act II

SCENE:- Four months later. The Garden and grounds of the Hotel Suburbana. Garden drop at back with illuminated hotel painted on L side of same. Platform in front of drop with balustrade and steps down R of C. Set piece representing hotel veranda + with steps down. Set piece to

match with back drop. Wood-wings. Garden set pieces. Statues etc, bearing lights. Garden benches R and L. Stage cloth painted to represent path and lawn--grass mats etc. Wood -wings on R.

Garden drop illuminated hotel.



(1) Statues. (2) Platform. (3) Entrance. (4) Verandas
(5) Door. (6) Benches. (7) Table.

Note:--Moonlight effect. Night--the lamps are lighted.

ACT II

Music at Rise:--Merry idow Waltz.
 Anstey enters from house L stands on veranda for a moment, comes slowly down steps takes a cigar from his pocket lights it, puffs it contentedly listening to music. Removes cigar hums with the orchestra)

Anstey
 (sits on garden bench, beats time with cigar,) La. La. La.
 (Humming waltz enter from L. President Brown)

Brown.
 Ah, good evening Mr. Anstey?

Anstey
 Good evening, sir, good evening.

Brown.
 Are you enkojing yourself?

Anstey
 No--I'm smoking a cigar.

Brown.
 Well, if you don't like it, why smoke?

Anstey
 Doctor's orders. He told me I must smoke three a day and no more, and I'm ~~enjoying~~ obeying him, and I don't think they're doing me any good.
 I never smoked in my life, before last week.

Brown.
 Then why do ti now?

Anstey
 I told you--I am doing it for my nerves.

Brown
 I don't think there is anything the matter with your nerves?

Anstey
 Don't you. (gruffly.) That's encouraging. There's nothing the matter with yours either, as far as I can see.
 Who the devil are you anyway?

Brown.
 Who am I?

Anstey
 Yes? What's your damned name?

Brown.
 Yes, I'm President Brown. You must heard of me?

Anstey
 I can't say I ever had.

Brown
 I am presiden of the Vali-club. We will have a great game to-morrow.

Anstey
 I'm glad of it.

Brown
 You know myb oys are putting up at this hotel?

Anstey
 No, I didn't know. Are they? How many boys have you?

Brown
 Here?

Anstey
 Yes?

Brown
 Let me see--eighteen?

3-S

Anstey
Eighteen? Eighteen boys. I congratulate you. How is their mother?

Mother? Brow

Mother?

Mother:

Anstey

That's what I said.

What's what I said? Brown
You mean their mothers?

Mothers! Oh I see--you have been married more than once?

I have never been married at all.

Anstey

You ought to be ashamed to own it, with such a big family. Eighteen boys. Have you any girls.

No sir, I have not.

I am glad to hear it? Anstey

Ah I see, Mr. Anstey, you are having a little joke with me?

Pardon me Mr Green. I never joke with anyone on such short acquaintance. You have made me a confident of your disreputable family secrets.

I have no family.

Then what the devil have you been talking about?

My ball players?

Oh I see--Mr Green--I beg your pardon?

Don't mention it, but my name ^{Brown} is not Green?

I certainly won't mention it, if you don't want me to.

My name is Brown.

That's a jackass of another color, but Green or Brown,
it doesn't matter to me. You are in the ball business, eh?
Do you know a young man named Joe Stafford?

Yes--he's a star short stop. We bank a great deal on Joe.

He's a very stady young man.

You bet he is.

I never bet? Anste y

Brown

I never have to worry about joe like I do about some of the others. You know a big organization like ours, has to be watched and guarded. The menebers have to be kept up to concert pitch all the time. They must eat well, sleep well and keep in the best of condition. Every man will have to retire at a certain time to-night. This is the even of the most important game of the yea and outside of the glory--there's small fortune at stake.

Ethel
(enters from house.) Papah. Papah. Are you out here?

Anstey

I certainly am, Ethel.

Ethel

Do you know that it is pretty nearly time for you to go to your train?

Anstey

(Looks at watch.) Why bless me, so it is?

Ethel

I have something very important to say to you before you go.

Anstey

How much is it--this time. (To Brown.) Pardon me Mr Black--

Brown

Brown, sir?

Anstey

Yes Mr Brown. I'll meet you again sometime Mr Brown.

Brown

I shall esteem it an honor, Mr Anstey. Goodevening.
(Exits L)

Anstey

Good-night. Now Puss, what is it?

Ethel.

(Mysteriously.) I have been talking to Ruth Stafford.

Anstey

Have you? And who is she?

Ethel.

Joe Stafford's sister to be sure--the little lame girl--don't you remember?

Anstey

Yes, yes, of course.

Ethel

And I have found out two or three things about him.

And I want to talk them over with you and Burt.

Anstey

Hold on there. Never mind about Burt. When you and your brother get together and attack me, I don't run away show at all.

Ethel.

But we want his advice?

Anstey

No, we don't. It seems a suspicious circumstance to me. You are taking more than a common interest in young Joe Stafford?

Ethel.

No more than he deserves papah?

Anstey

I don't know about that?

Ethel.

I am sure that he takes more than a common interest in me. With your stern business principles--you wouldn't keep me in his debt, would you?

Anstey

What! What!, Do you have the assurance to look me in the face--and acknowledge there is some idiotic affair between you and that young man?

Ethel.

Only you--papah--only you. You're the only thing between us?

5-S

Anstey

Well, I'll be---I'll be---

Ethel.

Papah, you certainly will be, if you continue to use such language?

Anstey

I haven't used any language at all yet?

Ethel.

But you are going too, and I think it is dreadful. We're not even stopping at this hotel--only guests here at the dance to-night, but go on--make a scene, don't scare any feelings, but hurry up and get through with it before poor Burt comes and sees his aged and respected father making a spectacle of himself.

Anstey

Now cut out this "aged father" business right now. Answer me. (Joe enters from house with Ruth and Mrs D. Burt assisting the latter.) Ah here you are--now sir--

Burt

Do you mean me, Dad?

Anstey

No, I don't mean you, but---(points at Joe)

Joe

Good evening, Mr Anstey?

Anstey

Good evening sir. I'd like a minute of your time, sir.

Joe

With pleasure Mr Anstey. Burt, look after the folks, will you? (Burt leads Ruth and Mrs D. over to R of stage. The ladies sit on bench, Burt behind them. Joe turns expectantly to Anstey)

Anstey

Now sir--(clears his throat)

Ethel.

(aside to Joe.) Don't let him frighten you too much, remember that I am by your side. (Joe looks at her in amazement then turns to Anstey)

Anstey

So you have proposed to my daughter?

Joe

Wh--what!

Anstey

Proposed to my daughter?

Joe

Pro--pro---posed to--

Ethel

He hasn't papah, and you have no right to scold him. He hasn't proposed yet.

me Anstey

Didn't you tell him that he loved you?

Ethel

He hasn't said so, papah.

Anstey

Then what the devil--

Ethel.

There, I knew it would come--just control yourself an instant until I can get Burt and Mr. Stafford out of hearing, before you explode.

Anstey

Never mind, I am not going to explode. Mr Stafford, I think is a very sensible young man and I believe that he would like to be assured of a fixed prospect in life before saddling himself with an incumbrance in the shape of a pretty doll--like, useless bundle of millinery, reared in luxury petted to exaggeration spoiled by flattery/

Ethel

Papah are you describing me? If you are--

Anstey

Answer, what could you do to help along a poor man in the battel for existence.

Ethel.

What could I do? Why, I'm the greatest hand with a chafing dish you ever saw. Besides, papah, we should always have you to fall back on?

Anstey.

Humph. That reminds me of my friend Hascall of Saginaw--who keeps the hotel. He had two boys--the last time he came to my office, I asked him about them. Sam--how are your boys doing? He answered "Burton, those two fellers of mine are getting along great--one of them is an actor and works in the winter time--the other is a ball player and works in the summer time, so I always have one of them at home with me, living off the old man.

Joe.

That strikes me kind of hard, Mr Anstey?

Anstey

What--hard on the old man?

Joe

Not it strikes me hard on the ball player. Mr Anstey I do love your daughter ?

Ethel

There papah, what did I tell you?

Anstey

(growls.) Keep quiet?

Joe

But, I would have carried my secret to the grave and never spoken of it. As you say--I would have assured myself of a position in life, before I would have asked her to share my lot?

Anstey

Young man, your principle does you honor. That position may come in a few years and then--

Ethel.

How many years papah?

Anstey

Nine or ten--or maybe half a dozen.

Ethel.

(aghast.) A half a dozen. Oh papah!

Anstey

In the meantime you ought to go back to college.

Joe

I have signed a contract which I cannot honorably break.

Anstey

I have lived many years, and I never saw a contract yet, that couldn't be broken?

Joe

I said honorably Mr. Anstey. My word is about my noly asset at present, and I value it too highly to try to find methods of sneaking out of it.

Burt

I say Joe, tell Dad a couple of your baseball stories and he may tell you in return, how he played with old Ted Griffen's team--against Horace Newman and the score was 73 to 36, and they only played five innings.

Anstey

I was the best "fungo" kicker they had in Muscatine, sir. (Mrs Bay and Wilkins enter on porch)

Yes Joe tell us?

Wilkins

Say Joe, are your stories true, or do you make 'em up as you go along. (Joes makes a swipe at him Wilkins dodges and gets Mrs Bay between them.) Coward! Would you strike a woman?

Anstey

And who is this young man?

Joe and Burt

Only Wilkins.

Omnes

Yes, only Wilkins.

Wilkins.

Did you catch it? They mean me. I'm only Wilkins. Nobody speaks of me in any other way "Only Wilkins." An examination takes place--does anyone fail? Only Wilkins. Has everybody had a piece of pie? Yes, everybody but one, Only Wilkins. (Gloomily.) When my funeral hearse passes by---

Joe and Burt

Oh cut it--cut it--

Wilkins

I won't. Stranger may ask, who's being buried. And the answer will come "Only Wilkins" and when I reach the heavenly choir, some angel will ask "Who's singing off the key-- and the answer will be--"Only Wilkins.

Burt

Wilkins, you're a sad dog all right, and you can't sing?

Wilkins.

Oh I'm a dog all right. Ask Mrs Bayliss--she can sing-- but she won't sing for me. Put me through some of my tricks-- Mrs B. Make me jump through the hoop--sit up and beg--play dead.

Joe

Play dead--yes.

Omnes

Yes, play dead.

Pres Brown

(enters sees Joe.) Hello Joe, still up? Get to bed, Joe get to bed. You know what we have before us to-morrow, and I'm counting on you boy, as much as anyone in the team?

Joe

I'll be there Mr. Brown, and we'll win.

Brown

Good. I'm rounding up the boys myself to-night--Joe, good rest to you (exits into hotel)

Joe

Come inside mother. Ruth, I'll have to send you home soon. (Leads Ruth over to hotel Burt and Mrs D follow.) Good-night Mr Anstey. (Anstey has been conversing with Ethel)

Anstey

Joe, I want to see you before I leave?

9-S

Joe

All right, sir. (Bus Joe Ruth Burt and Mrs D
exuent into hotel)

Ethel

And papah, will you? will you?

Anstey

I suppose you consider me an old lunatic?

Ethel.

Papah, I never consider you as being so old.

Anstey

(coughs.) Ahem. Well, I'm not making any promises.
Remember that. (Goes into hotel)

Ethel.

Yes papah. (exits after him. Wilkins and Mrs B withdraw
up back, Music waltz heard as at rise. Dusenbury enters
slightly jagged goes through to steps of veranda, stops
suddenly--feels in pockets, one after the other produces
letters and lots of junk looking for money--discovers

he has n one--sighs and exits R)

Wilkins

(To Mrs B.) Now just one, one more little dance. Just one
little one.

Mrs Bayliss

What an awful beggar you are?

Wilkins.

But think, this is the end of vacation. I've got to go
back to college to-morrow. (sighs)

Mrs Bayliss

One would imagine that you were going back to jail by that
lugubrious look. Strange how dissatisfied most of us are with
our lots in this line. Now, there is Mr Stafford?

Wilkins

Joe?

Mrs Bayliss

He has gained a national reputation as a ball player
and all in the last few months, and I've no doubt he would be
overjoyed to be in your place, and have your chance.

Wilkins.

Joe is a serious sort of a fellow, and I am not.

Mrs Bayliss

I'm remember that confession when you try and make love to
me again. Ah--here comes a gentleman whom I have been
longing to see all evening. There's a nice boy, Percy go
and get me an ince cream soda, and get one for yourself, and
we'll sit here under the trees, and finish them, just the
two of us?

Wilkins

You and I?

Mrs Bayliss

You and I, I'll finish with him by the time you're back?

Wilkins

I'll fly. (Going to steps of veranda L) What flavor?
Chocclate? Pineapple--strawberry--lemon-- ..

Mrs Bayliss

Bring a choclate for me, and bring a lemon for yourself.
(Turning away R)

10-S

Wilkins.

(aside.) A lemon for myself. I wonder if she means anything.
(exits L On veranda enters Mawson R U E followed by Dusenbury)

Dusenbury

Mawson, you needn't get so sore about it.

Mawson.

Sore? I'm not sore about anything pertaining to you.
If you want to be a rumdumb, go ahead and be a rumdumb, but
don't delude yourself with the insane idea that you can do
it on my money.

Dusenbury

Now listen?

Mawson.

I'm tired and sick of being touched. I'm enough to worry me
without losing sleep over you?

Dusenbury

(whining.) I've been useful to you

Mawson.

Oh, that's ancient history. You have outlived your usefulness.
You're a tool that has lost it's edge, and your temper, and I
see no future for you, but the scrape pile. Here take this
dollar (Gives money.) Go, drive a few more nails into your
coffin, and don't strike me for another cent this week.
If you need money, go ask that distinguish step son of
yours--Joe Stafford. He's made more money out of ball this
summer than I have.

Dusenbury

(Goes up steps of hotel.) I'll see you later.

Mawson.

Not if I "scent you coming. (Dusenbury busy exits)
Ugh. The whiskey in that feller just oozes out of him.

Mrs Bayliss

You're more cross than usual to-night.

Mawson.

A man who has gone through what I have to-day and facing the
prospect I face to-morrow, can hardly go around with a grin
on his face

Mrs Bayliss

What is the tragedy?

Mawson.

I joined the combination to "bear" the copper market.
The information I had led me to put every dollar in the pool.
I could raise--beg--borrow or--

Mrs Bayliss

Or steal?

Mawson.

Or steal--yes. Well, old Anstey--the Copper King whom we
thought in the wilds of New Mexico showed up.
His millions steadied the market which we had wavering.
Copper saved about sixteen points--and there you are.

Mrs Bayliss

What are you going to do?

Mawson.

I don't know yet. I am taking the count--the count of mine.
I don't know exactly yet "where I am at."

Mrs Bayliss

Anstey and his son and daughter are in the hotel to-night.
There are visiting someone there?



II-S

Mawson.

Visiting at the hotel, eh? That must please Joe Stafford?

Mrs Bayliss

Please Joe?

Mawson.

Of course. I suppose you know that he is stopping here with the rest of the team. They are getting in shape for the great game of to-morrow.

Mrs Bayliss

Yes--the deciding game. They are sure to win.

Mawson.

Yes--so the odds say. But there. Nothing's sure in baseball.

Mrs Bayliss

Young Bert Anstey and Joe were a sort of Damon and Pythias at College.

Mawson.

Yes, he's a wise young citizen is Joe. To become son-in-law to the copper king is a commendable ambition.

Mrs Bayliss

You mean--

Mawson.

I mean that young Ethel Anstey is gone on him.

Mrs Bayliss

Impossible.

Mawson.

Why impossible. Don't think you are the only lady who sits in the grand stand regularly and admires Joe. You have several rivals. For my part, I can't understand what you see in him?

Mrs Bayliss

Your troubles have turned you brain--Duke Mawson.

Mawson.

I'll admitt that. It doesn't however need much brain to see what I see.

Mrs Bayliss

What do you see?

Mawson.

I see that you and I have a common interest--we should work together. I like Ethel Anstey awfully well. She liked me a little once, at least, I thought so. I met when she was at a swell school in the East. Old Anstey got wind of the flirtation, and there's a search light on my character.

Mrs Bayliss

Dear me--how unfortunate.

Mawson.

Wasn't it. I was dropped with one of these dull sickening thuds we read about. I'm just recovering from the shock, and I'm going after her again.

Joe

(Outside on veranda.) Come on mother. Here Ruth, let me help you. (Joes, Mrs D and Ruth appear L)

Ruth

Why Joe, you can't guess how strong I am now.

(Mawson and Mrs Bayliss retire up stage)

Joe

Oh yes I can, but we are not going to take any chances.
(He has his arm around her he helps her down the steps)
Mrs Dusenbury follows. They reach the bottom.) Well little sister, have you had a good time?

Ruth

Splendid Joe. The music--the bright lights--the happy faces of the dancers. It all seemed like dreamland to me. It must be nice to be rich Joe, and be surrounded all the time with beautiful things.

Joe

Yes--money can buy a great deal Ruth, but it can't buy everything

Mrs Dusenbury

Ruth, will not be satisfied in our little home, now Joe?

Ruth

Oh yes, I will Mother, because I had one little peep into fairyland, that is not going to makeme forget that I'm rich too, for I have you Mother, and isn't joe the best brother in the world? I told Ethel Anstey that to-night when she came over to speak to me--she's awfully proud of Burt- Mr Anstey.

Joe

Burt's a good fellow.

Ruth.

Oh yes, I like him very much, but I couldn't think of him as a brother. I told her so. She said, "I can't think of Joe as a br other either?"

Mrs Dusenbury

You didn't quarrel?

Ruth

No. We like each other too much. I told her all about the mortgage and the sacrifice Joe had made in giving up his college work to save our little home for you, Mother and for me.

Joe

You spoke of that?

Ruth

Yes, and Ethel cried?

Joe

(Pause.) I'm sorry.

Ruth

I'm not. It showed that she had a heart, even though her father is a millionaire.

Joe

But Ruth, that was a family secret--that story of the mortgage and me--You shouldn't--

Mrs Dusenbury

Joe, don't scold Ruth. Your step-father was the cause of our trouble. We have all considered his feelings, but he cares nothing for himself. He is yonder in the hotel how, and--

Joe

(soothingly.) I know. I know. Don't worry, Mother don't worry. I don't want to seemd to get rid of you, but it is near my bed time. You know we are under k orders to retire at a fixed time, and I've just time to see you to the car. (They comes towards R U E)

Mawson

(who is seated at back L C with Mrs Bayliss.) Stafford, I want to see you before you go to bed?

Joe

(Turns.) yes Mr Mawson, I'm just going to see my folks off. and I'll return. Come Mother. Come Ruth. (He helps Ruth off R U E. Mrs Dusenbury follows. Mrs Bayliss has been talking in dumb show with Mawson during proceeding scene)

Mrs Bayliss

The scheme you proposed is ridiculous. People don't attempt such things now-a-days, excepting in cheap melodrama.

Mawson.

Read the newspapers and you'll find out they do.
Read the police reports?

Mrs Bayliss

Thank you. I'm not going to have any police reports concerning any action of mine. (Goes R)

Mawson.

But--(Following)

Wilkins.

(enters on veranda with two high glasses filled with white and chocolate covered cotton for business.) Here are the sodas. (Neither Mawson or Mrs Bayliss pay any attention to him) (He coughs.) Ahem? Ahem. My hated rival He claims all her attentions. I will call her. I wonder what her first name is? It should be "Glaays or Gwendolyn." She's a widow--Mrs Montgomery Bayliss. I'd call her "Monty" for short. "Monty for thee, Ice cream." Ah thanks not bad. "Monty" (calls loudly.) For thee I scream. (laughs foolishly at his own joke.) Ha, ha, ha. (comes down steps)

Mawson.

(Turns suddenly .) What the devil's the matter. What are you laughing at? (Wilkins startled stumbles at the bottom of the steps falls but manages to save the sodas)

Mrs B

Oh--Mr Wilkins--it's you, isn't it?

Wilkins

Yes, I've brought the sodas.

Mrs Bayliss

Put them on the table. That's a dear boy. I'll see you later. (exits L 3 E with Mawson following)

Wilkins

"Put them on the table"--boy? Well, what do you say to that? (sits at table)

Dusenbury

(Outside) That's all right, I'll get out. If you don't want my custom--all right. Don't shove, I can get out by myself. (enters L hastily on veranda as if he'd been shoved through door) That's all right, my son. a guest here--I'll show you. (His hat is thrown on stage.) What are you doing with my hat? (comes down stairs picks up hat brushes it with sleeve.) That's a nice way to treat a gentleman's hat. (catches sight of Wilkins .) Hello Willie Boy Huh (Grunts.) Drinking all by yourself, eh?

Wilkins

No--join me if you like

I4-S

Don't care if I do.

Dusenbury

Which do you prefer the chocolate or the Lemon?

Wilkins

Chocolate or Lemon? Say, what are you giving me?

Dusenbury

Your choice?

Wilkins

(shrinks in suspicion.) Oh what? Of what?

Dusenbury

Ice cream sodas.

Wilkins

(shudders.) And you too? Oh. Oh.

Dusenbury

What's the matter?

Wilkins

Matter. Do you think that I want to ruin my stomach.
Oh, such an insult. (staggers off L behind house,
enter Anstey on veranda Burt and Ethel following)

Dusenbury

That's all right. Go back to the ball-room you two, and
enjoy yourselves. I've just time to make my train.
I'll send the auto back for you.

Anstey

Good-bye papah?

Ethel

(Kisses her.) Good-bye little girl--don't stay up

Anstey

too late.

Anstey

Bye. Bye. Burt, be a good boy and go back to college, to-
morrow.

Burt

I will Dad.

Anstey

(Hurries down steps.) Jules. Jules. I wonder if that
Chauffeur is asleep Jules, I say. (exits L U E)

Wilkins

(sings at table in a very melancholy voice)

I'm so happy, tra--la--la--

I'm so happy, tra la--la--

I'm so happy tra- la--la--la

I wish that I was dead.

Burt

What's the matter Percy?

Wilkins

Nothing--nothing at all. (sings)

"I've no friends--so take a kick at me.

I don't mind--I'm as willing as can be

So kick hard--try your musculavitee

Don't stop at one kick--make it two or three.

Burt

What's your kic, Percy?

Wilkins

I haven't any. I'm not a Kicker. I am the Kickee.

Burt

Why aren't you up on the ball-room floor, Percy.
Haven't you a partner?

15-S

Wilkins

I have nothing--but gloomy thoughts.
(Bus Burt whispers to Ethel)

Ethel

You haven't asked me to dance to-night, Mr. Wilkins?

Wilkins

What's the use. (Waltz played off the stage)

Ethel.

Just hear that lovely waltz, and I suppose I have to sit it out.

Wilkins

Would you,) If I-- I mean if you--would I--if I mean--
you're mean--

Ethel.

Yes, I would like that waltz--if that's what you mean.
So come along.

Wilkins

I fly (rushes to steps)

Mrs Bayliss

(enters followed by Mawson.) Mr. Wilkins.

Wilkins

(stops) Eh?

Mrs Bayliss

I've just remembered--I promised you this dance.

Wilkins

Eh (Looks from Ethel to Mrs Bayliss.) What a sudden
embarrassment of riches. (Feels in pocket produces coin)
You ladies will have to flip for me. I don't see any other way
out of it.

Mrs Bayliss

Flip? What?

Ethel

The idea.

Burt

Wilkins, you are an unspeakable cliff dweller, but we will try
and save you. Mrs Byliss, two years in the Freshman class
has dimmed what-ever intelligence or memory poor benighted
Wilkins ever possessed. Give me this waltz?

Mrs Bayliss

With pleasure--Mr Anstey. (takes Burt's arm they exuent
L into house)

Ethel

Poor Mr Wilkins. It's a shame.

Wilkins

Ah--she pities me--and pity is a kin to love
The sympathetic tear--that glitters like a diamond
in here eyes is proof.

Ethel.

What are you raving about?

Wilkins

It is the moon--the silver moon--that--

Ethel

Well, if the moon has this effect on you, you had better
come inside--in any case, I'm going.
(exits into house L)

Wilkins

You can't lose me.

(Runs up steps stumbles exits on hands and knees.)

Mawson.

So far--so good. It was hard work to persuade Madge Bayliss,
but her infatuation for Joe Stafford, and jealousy
of Ethel, did the trick.

16-S

The brother and sister must be parted to-night.
Madge will keep young Anstey in tow, and that will leave me to make my point with Ethel. She shall restore me to any one time footing, or she shall be compromised to such an extent, that the Anstey millions cannot hush the scandal, and then Mr. Joe Staford, I have my little business to settle with you.
You must agree to play the game I want you to play to-morrow or you'll not play at all. (Joe enters R U E quickly to Joe)
Oh, you're back eh?

Joe

Yes. You wanted to speak with me?

Mawson.

Yes. You know that I have no more interest in the club.

Joe.

I've heard so.

Mawson.

I sold everything barring a reservation which I made of you, and a couple of the others. You read your contract of course.

Joe.

Of course.

Mawson.

You play you last game with the club to-morrow. After that, I can send you where I choose, or wherever I can get the biggest price for you.

Joe.

Well?

Mawson.

Now would you like to go back to college, and resume your work where you left it off. That sounds pretty good, doesn't it? I know your ambition. You needn't answer--now there is a way?

Joe.

W way? What way?

Mawson

A way in which I'll give you your release, and when I am giving you that, I'm giving you from five to ten thousand dollars. Any of the big cities will pay for you.

Joe.

What is the way?

Mawson.

The deciding game for the championship takes place to-morrow. who's going to win it?

Joe

Our--mine--of course. We'll win--we can't help winning.

Mawson.

I don't want it to win?

Joe

Oh you don't?

Mawson.

And it mustn't win?

Joe

But it will?

Mawson.

My friends and I are betting heavily against it winning, Now heres where you come in?

Joe

Hold up? What's this you're driving at? That I shall throw the game?

17-S

Mawson.

Exactly, and the price is--

Joe

Never mind about the price. Well, you are just about hat I always supposed you to be?

Mawson.

What's that?

Joe

A dog--and a yellow dog at that, and what do you take me for, that you ~~winkkk~~ think with your dirty money you can own me body and soul? I haven't a dollar but rather be like you, I would wash dishes in a chink restaurant--or be a hobe for the rest of my life.

Mawson.

Think of your college.

Joe

I do. I knew some honest fellow there who were proud to take me by the hand. I never could look them in the face again. if I get down to the level ~~th~~ oof a thing like you. What the hell you mean by talking to me anyway. (In growing passion)

Mawson.

Think of Ethel Anstey?

Joe

Don't you dare to mention her name.

Mawson.

Why I knewher before you did.

Joe.

Stop, if you don't want me to throttle you.

Burt

(enters door L.) Joe, are you there? Ethel wants to talk to you.

Joe

Yes Burt. (Goes up steps)

Mawson.

So you are going to play to win to-morrow?

Joe

Yes--we are all going to play to win. All of us, and we are going to win. Duke Mawson, and don't you forget it. (exits into house Burt follows)

Mawson.

(Looks after him walks nervously too and fro. lights cigar) Dusenbury stumbles out from L U E)

Dusenbury

Joe is a very pig headed isn't he?

Mawson.

(starts.) Eh, you. I thought I'd lost you.

Dusenbury

No, I'm just looking around. They put me out of the ban, and--

Mawson.

Tell your troubles to the judge, and don't bother me?

Dusenbury
You couldn't do much with Joe, could you?
Mawson.

You heard?

Dusenbury
Yes. He gave you blazes, didn't he. Oh, it was rich?
Mawson.

Forget it--forget it.

Dusenbury
And so you are going to join the "down and out" club.
Brother, welcome to our ranks.

Ma son.
No chase yourself. (Bitch Wilson enters R U E typical
toughwith sweater etc. Double with Anstey)
Butch

Hello--Duke.

Mawson.
Hello Butch. You're just the man I wanted to see.
Why--(Observes Dusenbury listening.) Didn't I tell you to
trod? Butch, start him on his way, won't you.
You used to be good at that when you worked at McGowan.

Butch
Good, I'm a lallacapoosie. (Catches Dusenbury by the neck
of the neck, runs him to entrance kicks him.) Tag, you're
it. (Dusenbury clasps his forehead in pain exits R 2 E)

Mawson.
Thank you. Say, but eh, do you know Joe Stafford?
Butch

The ball player--sure.

Mawson.
To speak to him?

Butch
Naw. We ain't on visiting terms.
Mawson.

That's funny.

Butch
What's funny?

Mawson.
He said that when you were in the game you were a "shine."
Butch

He did.

Mawson.
Yes, a great big stiff, and said that when you left
baseball it was a good thing for the game.

Butch
Why I'll knock his blockoff. What's eating him. I never did
anything to him?

Mawson.
That's whatnI thought. How are you fixed, Butch?
Butch

I ain't fixed. I want to see some of the boys and get
enough for a beef stew to-night, and some coffee and--in the
morning--

Mawson.
How would ten dollars hit you?

19-S

Butch

A saw brick.

Mawson.

Yes. (Producing roll takes off a bill hands it to Butch)
If you do run up against Joe Stafford to-night and should
happen to do him--do him well--cripple him--break an arm or a
leg and I'll give you ten more.

Butch

I'll break both his legs for that. Where will I see you?

Mawson.

(Carries on card giving it.) I shall be at that address--
let me know how you come out?

Butch

But if I'm pinched. (attempts to put card in pocket
it falls on stage)

Mawson.

I'll pay your fine. Go now--we must not be seen talking together.
Lay around and you'll fall up against him all right.

Butch

(Growls,) Oh I'll fall up against him, and I'll fall all over
him--before I finish with him. (strolls off R 2 E)

Mawson.

(Goes up steps looks off door E.) Ah, young Anstey and his
sister are ready to leave. Anstey is taking a glass of wien
with Midge. If Midge has done her part, I'll win.
Ethel is walking this way with Stafford. I must see if Midge's
auto is ready. (Runs down steps hastily and exits R U E. Dusenbury
enters, business, picks up card follows off R U E)

Ethel.

(enters with wraps on --followed by Joe)

Joe

But Ethel, won't you listen to me?

Ethel.

I can't. You won't do as I ask you. It's just as papah said.
You're not in earnest about anything, except your horrid
old base-ball.

Joe

I'm pledged in honor to play to-morrows game.

Ethel.

If you cared for me--you'd give it up this instant, but I
won't argue the matter. Papa's offer only holds good
those conditions. When a man's truly in love, he'd do any-
thing--make any sacrifice. He'd lie--he'd steal--he'd even
commit murder--and you--you won't even break a contract
but you'd break my heart (sobs)

Joe

Now Ethel---

Ethel.

Don't speak to me. I'm going home. Please call my brother
I want to go home.
(sobbing Mrs Bayliss enters door L)

Mrs Bayliss

Why, what's the matter, child?

20-S

Ethel.

(sobs.) Nothing--nothing at all.

Mrs Bayliss

I don't know what has come over your brother Mr. Anstey. He took one glass of wine and it seems to have gone to his head. (enters Burt supported by Wilkins)

Ethel

What's the matter, Burt?

Burt

(thickly) I don't know--it seems like vertigo--a little dizziness--the rooms were hot. I'll be all right in a minute. (Wilkins assists him to bench.) Don't worry sis--it's nothing--it's nothing.

Mawson.

(enters.) Your car is waiting Mr Bayliss?

Ethel.

I wonder if Jules has returned with ours.

Mawson.

I think he has. Why, what's the matter with Mr Anstey?

Wilkins

He's mildly soused--that's all.

Burt

Wilkins, you're an idiot. Go on Ethel--go to the car.

Joe and Percy will keep me after you.

Mrs Bayliss

Come child. (She puts arm around Ethel leads her off R U E) Mawson follows. Joe and Wilkins lift Burt to feet)

Wilkins

Steady. Steady. Old chap.

Burt

It's funny--I--if I could only sleep for two minutes--I-- I--(sinks unconscious on bench. Head falls forward on table)

Wilkins

This doesn't look like booze, Burt's been drugged.

Joe

Drugged? By whom?

Ethel

(screams outside.) Burt. Burt. Joe. Help me.

(Noise of automobile)

Wilkins

What's that?

Joe

Ethel's voice. That man.

Dusenbury

(rushes on R U E.) Miss Anstey's been carried off.

Joe and Wilkins

By whom?

Dusenbury

Mawson and Mrs Bayliss. They forced her into that auto car, and they are taking her away.

Joe

Where? Where?

2I-S

Dusenbury
Here's where he can be found to-night. I saw him write it
on this card. (Produces card. Joe grabs card reads i
starts up R)

Wilkins and Dusenbury
Where are you going?

Joe
(Throws him the card.) After them, Wilkins, take care of Burt
when he comes too. Tell him where I've gone.

Wilkins
But what will you do?

Joe
If they hurt a hair of Ethel's head, I'll kill them
both. (starts R)

Butch Wilson.
(enters R 3 E faces him.) Hold up Joe Stafford.
I've got something to settle with you.

Joe
(Maddened) Out of the way.

Butch
No, I said I'd do you, and I'll do you good.

Joe
So you're in the plot too? Well, take what's coming to you.
(short quick fight Joe knocks Butch out and exits R U E)
(quick curtain)

C U R T A I N.
π π π π π π π

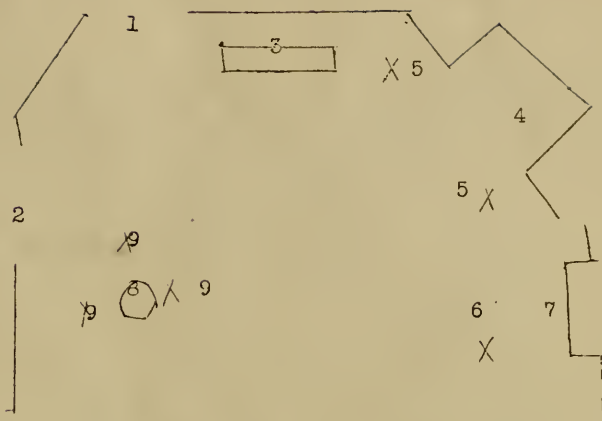
Second Picture

Burt still stupified on table. Wilkins trying to
rouse him Butch endeavoring to rise on all fours.
Dusenbury counts over him one--two--thre--four--five--
six--seven--eight- --nine--ten--

You're out.

C U R T A I N.
π π π π π π π

Act Third.



Handsome and rickly furnished interior.

(1) Door up R. of C. (2) Arch with portiers R 2 E
 (3) Couch at back. (4) Large bay window upper L. obliqued.
 (5) Two pedestals about four feet high, to hold jardineres,
 vases of flowers. (6) Arm chair by fireplace. (7) Fireplace L.
 (8) Table. (9) Chairs. Telephone at back L. of door.
 Window at back has curtains on pole. Electric stand lamp on
 table.

Stage dark at rise save for moonlight streaming through
 window.

Mawson.

(Outside) Give Hikara the key! Let him unlock the door. (Noise
 of key in lock) (Door up R opens. Hikara a Japanese servant
 enters stands R of door Mawson follows bearing Ethel who is
 insensible, and Mrs. Bayliss last) (Mawson places Ethel on couch
 at back) Hikara! Some light! (Hikara goes to table down R.
 on which stands an electric stand lamp with handsome shade, turns
 on light) (Hikara is an impassive Jap. (doubles with Dusenbury)
 dressed as American, dark clothes) So far, so good! She shows
 signs of reviving. (Looking at Ethel)

Mrs. Bayliss

Send your servant away.

Mawson

Hikara! (Signs) Hikara exits door R U E) Don't worry about
 him! Hikara is all right, he's deaf, dumb and blind to every
 thing outside of my interests. You can trust him.

Mrs. Bayliss.

(Impatiently) Oh, I have no doubt, but please don't make him a
 confidant in my affairs.

2-K

Mawson.

Now, Madge don't be peevish. Every thing is going lovely. Why are you nervous?

Mrs. Bayliss

I'm sorry now that I have lent myself to your scheme. What will be the end of this?

Mawson

Oh, a few tears, a little indignation, perhaps some defiance, maybe much abuse, a few more tears, which I will kiss away, and then forgiveness. Later she will wonder at my daring, admire me for my virtues, and trust and love me forevermore. Oh, I know the sex.

Mrs Bayliss

You think you do - see - she is awakening.

Mawson.

Yes. (Quickly - whispers) Leave us alone.

Mrs Bay.

Remember now - no violence - or -

Mawson

Or what?

Mrs. Bay

I'll end this business right here and now and restore her to her home.

Mawson

(Smiles) I shall be more than kind. (Mrs Bayliss with a warning gesture exits R through arch)(Ethel moves and sighs)(Mawson who is at head of couch moves up stage to window L.U.)

Ethel

(Rises to a sitting posture, looks R. and L. passes her hand over eyes in a dazed condition, as if trying to shake off stupor, looks around the room gazing on one object and then on another, giving idea they are all unfamiliar to her) This is not my room. What place is this! Strange. (Makes her way to table) (Picks up photo) Joe! Joe's picture. Ah! (suddenly remembering) I recall it now. The woman and that man - he forced me into the auto - and - where am I? Where am I? (Runs up to door, opens it)

Hikara

(Discovered in doorway) The lady most honorable may not leave here yet. (Close the door)

Ethel

How dare you! (Tries to open door, noise of key in lock) Ah - locked - (Beats on door) I am a prisoner! (Looks around) There is a window. (Runs up stage L. meets Mawson who enters from behind curtains) You? You - Duke Mawson!

Mawson

Yes, Ethel.

Ethel

(Hysterical) Oh yes, yes, I remember now. Well sir, what do you mean by this - this comedy? Is the joke ended? How dare you take such a liberty. Have you forgotten that I am Burton Anstry's daughter, and that's my father and brother will make you pay dearly for this insult?

Mawson

I am willing to pay any penalty to hear the sound of your sweet voice again, even if it is raised in anger, Ethel, I have acted on a mad impulse and brought you here. Oh I avow my crime, but if you knew, if you only knew the void that came into my life when I lost you, you might pity even if you cannot pardon me.

3-K

Ethel

You will take me to my father's house at once.

Mawson

Presently.

Ethel

Now, this instant -- or rather, tell me -- what is this place, where have you brought me? I will go myself.

Mawson

No! No! I couldn't permit you to do that. Think how the servants would talk if you came home at this hour unattended. Servants will talk you know. You shall stay here till morning and we will devise some plan, some excuse, to save our good name.

Ethel

My good name?

Mawson

Yes, which I have already compromised.

Ethel

(in rage) You! You! (Rushes up to door again, tries it, finds it still locked) The window: (Goes to window)

Mawson

We are fifteen feet from the ground, Ethel, too high to jump. Calm yourself and listen to me. Forget this moment and remember me as I was in your eyes two years ago. I wasn't loathsome to you then.

Ethel

But you are now. I never thought I could despise and hate anyone as I do you.

Mawson

And in the old days--

Ethel

Don't mention that time again. I was a child at school, silly, romantic and wholly ignorant of men. Your pose dazzled me -- your attentions flattered me. My imagination invested you with qualities you never possess, and when I realize what a weak, credulous fool I was, I can only despise myself, and I thank God, my father was so good and wise as to save me from my folly.

Mawson

Your father will be very angry when he learns that you have taken up your flirtation again, where you left it off.

Ethel

My father will learn no such thing. I will tell him the whole truth, and of the contemptible part you have played. ~~What~~ shall be punished. Oh, but you shall be punished! I demand again that door be opened.

Mawson

You demand? Don't be absurd, my dear girl. I have had an awful lot of trouble to get you here and I really can't let you go so soon. If you don't like this apartment, we will go up stairs to mine. My flat is overhead. It will be your home too -- our home until your forgiving dad, the Copper King, forgives us both and gives us his blessing.

Ethel

(Looks at him, then suddenly runs to window, opens it, screams) Help: Help.

Mawson

Here! Stop that! (Seizes her, drags her back, she struggling)

screams) Stop it -- darn you, or I'll strangle you!

Ethel

(Fights him beating him on breast with fists) You devil! You devil! (Breaking away, goes down R)

Mawson

Devil, eh? Well I'll show you what a kind devil I can be. I'm going to kiss you for every blow. (Advances on her)

Mrs Bayliss

(Enters) (Enters-- coming between them) This has gone far enough.

Mawson

What -- you interfere ?

Mrs B.

I interfere!

Mawson

Against me?

Mrs. Bay.

Against you. I was mad to help you in the first place, but it is not too late to repair my fault.

Mawson

What do you propose?

Mrs Bayliss

I propose this girl shall go to her home.

Mawson

And if I refuse, what then?

Mrs Bayliss

What then? What then? I shall find means to make you harmless. Attempt to stop her, and you'll sleep in a police cell to-night.

Mawson

You have forgotten our bargain.

Mrs Bay.

No, but I am remembering that I am a woman, who is not altogether without sympathy and shame.

Mawson

This virtuous impulse is startling and amusing.

Mrs Bay.

Duke Mawson, you will leave my apartments at once.

Mawson

If I do, she goes with me.

Mrs Bay

(goes up to telephone)(Takes it down)(Business) Hello, central! Give me Union Police Station. (Mawson utters ejaculation of rage, rushes on her, Mrs. Bayliss levels revolver on him which she has kept hidden till now) Back! Back!

Mawson

Ah, you'd shoot, me, eh?

Mrs Bayliss

As I would a mad dog. (continues at telephone, with pistol still menacing Mawson) Hello! Hello! Is this Union Police Station? Yes. I am Mrs. Montgomery Bayliss, Ten Park Terrace--Apartment E. Burglar in my rooms threatening violence, send help. Yes, Mrs. Bayliss, Ten Park Terrace! (hangs up receiver) Now Duke Mawson, will you go now or wait for the patrol wagon?

Mawson

(Pause) You win. I suppose you know what this business means for you?

5--K

Mrs Bayliss

Yes.

Mawson

You will lose every dollar you have put into my ventures, and you will lose Joe Stafford.

Mrs Bayliss

God

Mawson

(Moves to door)(Pause) Hikara: (Knocks on door) Hikara: Unlock the door:

Hikara

(Business with key)(Outside) The door is open. (Opening door) If it please you, most honorable. (Mawson exits, slams door suddenly, locks it from outside)

Mrs Bayliss

(Goes to door tries it) He has locked us in again: What new devilry is this? Never mind, take heart, my child, help will soon come, and you will be safe. Try and forgive if you cannot forget my share in to-night's work.

Ethel

What did he mean by saying you would lose Joe Stafford: What is Joe Stafford to you?

Mrs Bayliss

Mr. Mawson thinks I care for him.

Ethel

Do you?

Mrs Bayliss

Yes, I was the cause of him leaving college. It was my money that Mawson used to further the result. I thought Joe and I would be brought closer together.

Ethel

You were cruel.

Mrs Bayliss

I thought I was kind. Put yourself in my place.

Ethel

I can't.

Mrs Bayliss

Why not - you love Joe too-----

Ethel

I---

Mrs Bayliss

And he loves you - he doesn't care for me - that makes the difference.

Ethel

(Hears noise outside window) Look there. There: There's someone at that window. (Joe appears climbing over sill, the light falls on his face. Ethel clutches Mrs. Bayliss' arm, she has raised her pistol.) Don't you see who it is? (Screams) Don't shoot. Don't. It's Joe: It's Joe: (Rushes to him hysterically sobbing) Joe:

Joe

(Takes her in his arms, soothing her) Don't cry, poor little girl You're safe, I'm here. (To Mrs. Bayliss) This is a pretty night's work for you and your partner, isn't it?

Mrs Bayliss

You know:

6-K

Joe

Yes - I know the girl's brother knows by this time. They must have roused him from the drug you gave him, and he'll settle accounts with Duke Mawson if there's anything left of him after I'm through. Where is he?

Mrs Bayliss

He's gone: How did you get up to the window?

Joe

By a ladder I found in the yard. (Mrs Bayliss goes over to window) Yes, it's there yet, but we won't need it. We'll leave by the front door, won't we Ethel? Come:

Ethel

The door is locked on the outside.

Joe

(Tries it) So it is. Well, we will see if this key will fit it. (Lifts down jardinier from pedestal, picks up pedestal which he uses on door as battering ram, smashing panels, etc) door flies open) (To Ethel) Come: (Mawson and Hikara enter)

Mawson

Hikara: "Jui jitsu" this fellow: I'll take care of the girl. (Hikara throws himself on Joe) (Bell of Police patrol heard in distance) (They wrestle to C of stage) (Mawson seizes Ethel who screams) (Mrs Bayliss after vainly snapping her pistol at Mawson drops it, and grabbing up scarf from back of couch throws it from behind Mawson over his face and throat, blinding and half choking him, he releases Ethel who runs screaming out of door) (Joe has worked Hikara to window, catches Hikara R wrist with both his hands, turns suddenly and throws him over his head through window) ("The flying mare") (Glass crash. Mawson has freed himself of the scarf and has attacked Mrs Bayliss with black jack (baby's rattle) beating her to insensibility. She falls L.C. Mawson strikes Joe in back of head as he staggers back from window. N.B. Be particular to time all this action) Joe falls R of C) (Bell of patrol wagon sounds close outside) (Noise of wheels and horses' hoofs)

Mawson

The police- no escape by the door - Ah, the ladder at the window. (Drops the black jack, rushes to window) (Cassidy the policeman's head and shoulders, appear at casement) (Mawson starts back) (Wilkins enters door R U E Burt supporting Ethel follows) (Joe has struggled to his knees by this time)

Wilkins.

You can't make it: Officer Cassidy is using the ladder. I'm guarding the door. Duke Mawson: Throw up your hands. (Pulls big revolver, levels it) P I C T U R E:

C U R T A I N.

2nd Picture:-

Mawson and the Jap Hikara handcuffed together at back. Cassidy the policeman guarding them. Joe in chair L of table R Ethel kneeling to him. Burt behind him. Wilkins has raised Mrs. Bayliss' head and shoulders, she has revived and is pointing at Mawson.

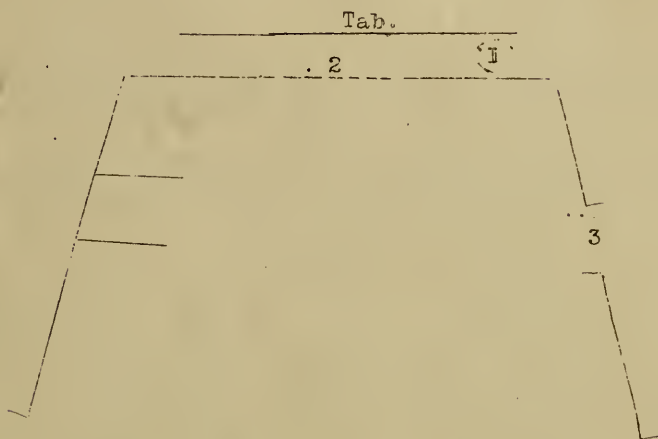
C U R T A I N.
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I-G.

Act Fourth.

SCENE:----Behind the Bleachery. Passage leading to the Club house.

TIME:--- The Next afternoon.



(1) Home- plate. (2) Scrim. (3) Door.

A Scrim drop with transparency not above eight feet wide in C. The drop is hung about two. It is painted to represent high fence joining club house. Small set piece on L. to carry out entrance to Club-house. Wood wings mask on R. Tab hung behind scrim for backing when lights go up behind scrim for backing, representing perspective view of field- bleckers etc.

---oooCCCCCooo---

2-K

Act Fourth.

(At rise shouts and cheers outside. As much noise as possible. E.B. Use "Board clappers" for applause. Exclamations of "That's a rank decision." "Bum:" "Slug him." "Slug him." "Slug him." (Pause) (Silence)

Voice

(outside with megaphone) Well: Well: Well: (Big laugh) (Applause again) Then howls and jeers.) Boo: Boo: Yah: Yah:

Voices

Rotten: Rotten: Rotten:

Voices

Hit him with a pop bottle: Kill him: Kill the umpire. (Noise ad lib kept up) (Enters Ethel and Wilkins from ~~the~~ club house. Ethel very excited. Wilkins endeavoring to calm her.)

Ethel

I never heard of such a piece of injustice in my life and if I were a man and pretended to be a friend of Joe like some masculine individuals I know, I wouldn't put up with it.

Wilkins

I know it's pretty raw, Miss Ethel, but what can we do?

Ethel

Do? Do something - act! Don't talk. Talking is a feminine prerogative.

Wilkins

So I've noticed. I mean - (Ethel glares at him) So I've heard - Miss Ethel, the president of a ball club is like a little Czar.

Ethel

The president of this ball club is a low spirited, villainous featured and ill-tempered creature and before I go home I'm going to tell him so.

Wilkins

Hush - that won't help matters. (restraining her)

Ethel

It will relieve my mind. (President and Joe enter from club-house) Here comes Joe now.

President

There's no use of argument, Joe Stafford, you're suspended and that's all there is to it.

Joe

You heard what Manager Chauncey said.

President

Yes, I heard - that cuts no figure with me.

Joe

It ought to. He knows ball - he knows your players and he's on the level. The opinion of a square man ought to be worth everything to you if you want to be just.

President

Do you insinuate I don't want to be just?

Joe

I never insinuate anything, Mr. President, I always speak out my mind.

President

Don't forget young man, I am the President of this club.

Joe

I wouldn't care if you were President of the United States. I've never beaten the devil around the stump and I won't begin now. You're casting a stigma on me that may last me through the rest of my life and I won't stand for it, that's all. I won't endure it without a protest.

3-K

President
You know the ugly talk that's going around!

Joe
I only know what you tell me.

President
Well there is. Why the common report on the bleachers is that Duke Mawson approached several of the players with a bribe-

Joe
I know of one he approached-

President
Oh you do?

Joe
Yes.

President
Who?

Joe
Myself, and I advise you, Mr. President, man to man, don't you ask me if I accepted it. (President draws back) And I'll tell you another thing, that if Duke Mawson approached any others of my brothers in the club, he got the same answer he got from me.

President
I'm sorry Joe, but I can't take the risk in letting you play, that is why I told Capt. Chauncey to put Funkhouser in.

Wilkins
You are taking an awful risk with Funkhouser - Funkhouser is a shine.

President
(to Wilkins) Who are you?

Wilkins
Percy Wilkins, Esq, Class of 1911, Rah: Rah: Rah:

President
Well, don't you butt in here, this is not your funeral.

Wilkins
No, but it will be yours as a baseball president if you sign many more punk players like Funkhouser.

President
(Irritated) Shut up: You see, Joe I'd like to but I can't.

Joe
You don't believe these lies?

President
Nope - I can't say that I do.

Joe
You know that Chauncey wants me out there -

President
Yes, he begged for you - and knowing that you disobeyed orders and instead of going to bed - you were out all night.

Joe
He knew why - my friends here know why - My God, man, if you knew the whole story, you'd give me a chance. The time is precious, let me go in and help to win this game.

President
I can't. Public opinion would condemn me too much if we lost it and you were playing. I'm sorry but I can't back up against public opinion - I can't - and I won't try.

Joe
That's it, you won't try.

Ethel
Joe, don't appeal to that creature any more. Come with me.

4-K

Joe

I can't Ethel. I must do my duty humiliating as it is. I have given my pledge to fulfill a contract. I will keep that pledge. My honor demands that I wait in there. (Points to club house) until the game is finished. Until it is lost or won. They may need me yet to win it, who knows. (exits into house.)

Ethel

(in temper) You mean, abominable, outrageous, ugly tyrant- I'd like to - (approaching president)

President.

Hully gee: (Bus. runs away into club house) (Wilkins stops her, she bursts into a fit of crying)

Ethel

Where is Burt - I want my brother - I'm going home - (Wilkins soothes her. ad lib bus. they exuent L.)

Butch Wilson.

(Enters L.I.E.) Agh: (Disgusted) Dem guys give me a pain, and dats what dey call ball now-a-days. (Takes flask out of pocket) When I played in Paterson, N.J. we had a team as was some team. (Takes a drink) There was me - and Moloney - Dug Shackelburg, Reddy Fogarty and Mose Wazelbaum. They called us the "big five" A guy could take all de suds there be wanted to in Paterson N.J. as long as he delivered the goods. Why we trimed on "beer" then and now dey drink Mineral water. Dey make me sick. (Takes another drink) (Mawson enters R)

Mawson

Ah: You're still at it, Butch?

Butch

Hello, Boss: Say I thought you was pinched.

Mawson

I'm out on bail. (Looks at Butch's eye which is black) Where did you get that eye. It's a "beaut."

Butch

I ran into Joe Stafford's left.

Mawson

And he licked you, eh?

Butch

Naw: He can't lick me. He just slipped a few in that I wasn't expecting, but I can do him in a finish. Say, what's your trouble? Why was you jugged?

Mawson

Oh - it don't amount to anything. I won't be prosecuted. They don't dare. (Going L.)

Butch

Say Boy, you don't want to show yourself to the "Fans" or they'll lynch you sure.

Mawson

What do you mean?

Butch

Why it's all around among the bleackers that you are betting against our home talent, and you tried to bribe a couple of the boys to throw the game.

Mawson

They can't prove it. (Shouts and yellow outside as before)

Butch

They don't have to prove it. Some of the boys will just take a punch at you on principle I heard a feller tell another feller, that his little brother heard Cap Chauncey say if he saw you around the Club-house, he'd spank you in the kissar with a bat, so take a tip, and don't go around expanding your chest in the sunlight. Keep dark: Bo: Keep dark:

5-K

What's the score?

Mawson

Just now two to one against the home boys.

Butch

Good: What inning?

Mawson

De ate.

Butch

The eighth -- eh?

Mawson

Dats what I said -- "de ate."

Butch

How is Joe Stafford showing up?

Mawson

He aint showing up.

Butch

No!

Mawson

They say he's laying off.

Butch

I thought that knock on the noodle would fix him.

Mawson

I didn't knock him on the noodle. He wouldn't give me a chance. When I woke up, he'd gone, the coward!

Butch

Who's playing "Short?"

Mawson

Funhouser! Say, what do you know about that?
Funkhouser! That slob?

Butch

Yes! That dub! That cigar sign. That Dutch Indian. Their pitcher's got him scared to death.

Mawson

Is he doing any hitting?

Butch

(In contempt) Hitting? Why he couldn't hit the water if he fell out of a boat. The crowd has been calling for Joe Stafford-- that is some of the Fans -- others don't want him, he's under suspicion. They think you bribed him and the President won't let him play.

Mawson

Good: Good: Things are coming my way. Ah: (Looks off R) Here are some people I don't want to see. I'll take a peep at the game.

Butch

All right -- go as far as you like, but when they shovel up your remains, and put you in the undertaker's ice box, don't say I didn't put you wise.

Mawson

Oh pooh: (exits L.I.E.)

Butch

Pooh: Pooh: yourself: I think I'll go after him, and make one more touch before he dies. (exits L I E) (Shouts and noise outside as before) (Enters Dusenbury, Mrs. Dusenbury and Ruth)

Mrs Dusenbury

(With newspaper) But the paper says--

6-K

Dusenbury

I don't care what the paper says- Joes all right. The news-papers always exaggerate everything. Joe is a public character since he entered baseball and he can't have a pain in his big toe now - without it isn't published. Don't you worry about him- I don't.

Mrs. Dusenbury

No, you never worry about anybody, except yourself.

Dusenbury

Nobody worries about me, and look at the way I suffer.

Mrs. Dusenbury

Suffer: (Contemptuously)

Dusenbury

Yes, just consider my mental anguish. (Shouts - applause and noise outside as before)

Ruth

Can't we see Joe and speak to him?

Dusenbury

Wait until the game is over. (Enter Ethel, Burt Anstey and Wilkins from Club-house)

Ethel

It's an outrage - that's what it is.

Burt

Now little sister---

Ethel

Don't "little sister" me, I won't have it. I'm glad I told that cross eyed president or whatever he is - what I thought of him. He'll remember me - he will. The ugly disagreeable thing. Poor Joe. The idea of putting him on the bench and having an other man play his position, and Joe sitting there eating his heart out.

Wilkins

All the boys of the college are as disappointed as you are - Miss Ethel.

Burt

The president said the charges were too serious for him to risk putting Joe in the game, and there was no time for investigation.

Wilkins

Well, the home team will lose anyway.

Ethel

I hope they will, and to think I had set my heart on seeing Joe knock that other side's pitcher out of the box.

Burt

Ethel:

Ethel

Oh, I don't care.

Burt

And yesterday you said you'd never speak to Joe again if he didn't accept Dad's offer, and quit the game right then and there.

Ethel

This is not yesterday - this is to-day. I have exercised a womans' privilege, and changed my mind. I'm so mad - I could cry my eyes out. (catches sight of Mrs. Dusenbury and Ruth, runs to them, hugs and kisses them)(Business Dusenbury attempts to get into the game, and offers to embrace Ethel)(She snubs him)

Voice

(Outside through megaphone) Well: Well: Well:(Laughs outside and applause)

7-K

Dusenbury

I think I'll see what's doing. (exits L.I.E.)

Wilkins

(to Burt) Let's take it in.

Burt

I have no heart to watch it with Joe out of the game (Turns R)
Why, look: Look: Don't that look like Mrs. Bayliss' red car?

Wilkins

Yes, Is it possible that she has ventured out, and in her condition?

Burt

Why she was at court this morning.

Wilkins

Yes, but -- (Crosses, exits R I (E) (Outside) Rotten: Rotten: Rank:
Kill him: Kill him: Go on, smash him: Four eyes: (Jeers and groans) (Pause)

Dusenbury

(Rushes on) (All excited)

Burt

What's the matter?

Dusenbury

A theological student just tried to brain the umpire with a pop bottle, but the police saved him. Come on and see - this is a grand game. (Runs off L I E) (Enters Wilkins, supporting Mrs. Bayliss. She moves with difficulty. A veil covers the side of her face.)

Mrs Bayliss

Thank you, Mr. Wilkins. Help me to the door of the Club-house, and then you can leave me. I have a word to say to the president I would have come sooner - had I been strong enough.

Wilkins

Anything you can do now - I fear would be useless, Mrs. Bayliss - the game is nearly over.

Dusenbury

(Rushes on) They are commencing the Ninth inning, and the score is two to two. Do you hear, you fellows? Come on if you want to see any of the game. Two to two: Two to two: Two to two: tooty

Wilkins

Spare us your imitation of a locomotive, and get out, We're engaged.

Dusenbury

Engaged? Who? The lady and you? My congratulations. Name the first boy after me. (exits L I E)

Mrs Bayliss

What amends that can be made Joe Stafford for the injustice and humiliation put upon him this day - shall be made. They must listen to me. The stock I hold in the Club will compel them to listen.

Mrs Bay.

Stops the bat boy who enters L) Where are you going?

Boy

Got a message for the President.

Mrs Bayliss

Tell him that I am here. Mrs. Bayliss, and I must see him at once.

Boy

Yes'm. (exits into house.)

Wilkins

I think I'd rather have that lady's friendship than her dislike
(Noise outside. Voices heard) That's him! Oh you renegade!
Kick his slats in, do him - do him good")

Butch

(Outside) Don't hit me! I'm not his friend. (Roar outside kept up)
(Butch enters L) Help! Murder! Police! (runs across the stage exits R I E)

President

(Enters from clubhouse, followed by Joe)

Dusenbury

(Rushes on) The mob are after Mawson, they'll kill him if they get him. See, he's running this way. (exit L)

Mawson

(Enters L hatless and bleeding) Damn them! I'll- (staggers at door)

President

On your way! You can't come in here.

Joe

Why not! Do you want the man to be killed?

President.

Oh, you stand up for him - that's natural.

Joe

I stand for fair play. I've no use for him, maybe not as much as you, but I won't see him murdered when I can raise a hand to save him.

Dusenbury

(Rushes on) Funkhouser is spiked! Funkhouser is spiked! Joe! The fans are calling for you.

Mrs. Bayliss.

Joe! Go put on your uniform -

President.

But -

Mrs Bayliss.

Do as I tell you Joe, you are going to finish this game and you are going to win it.

Joe

I'll try! Help me, Burt. (exits into house, But follows)

President.

Madam, I'll have you understand that I am President of this club and I don't permit any interference. I say that Stafford shan't play.

Mrs Bayliss.

And I say he shall.

President.

We'll see. Do you think because you hold a few shares you can come around and dictate to me?

Mrs. Bayliss

I own more than a few shares, Mr. President. I purchased all that were held by that man. I now hold fifty one shares and I shall vote them personally next meeting to despose you from your position.

Bat boy.

(Runs on) A message from Captain Chauncey, important.

President.

(Opens it) (Reads) "Can't do without Joe Stafford. Funkhouser a dead one - was to lead batting last half of ninth, must have Joe" Chauncey."

Wilkins.

Hooray. Hooray. Rah, rah, rah! Of course he must have Joe. Here you. (Grabs bat boy) Here's a dollar. Tell him Joe's coming as fast as he can get his clothes on, tell him the

9-K

President says so. (The President makes a swiipe at Wilkins, misses him) Tell him Mrs. Bayliss says so. Tell him I say so. I, Percy Wilkins, Esq; Class of 1911, Rah, rah, rah!

Mrs Bayliss

Well - Mr. President:

President

(to Boy) Tell Mr. Joe Stafford to report to Captain Chauncey (turns to Mrs. Bayliss) My dear Mrs. Bayliss may I offer my arm. and escort you to the grand stand?(Music-"She's a Grand Old Flag")

Mrs. Bayliss.

You may. (She takes his arm)(They exuent R Wilkins, Ethel, Mrs. Dusenbury and Ruth following)(Mawson is clinging to door of clubhouse as the lights go out in front)

C H A N G E:

College yell through changem Music- Grand Old Flag - until final Curtain) The lights go down in front - The floods R and L light up behind the scrim - Joe is seen at bat - The catcher and umpire also seen - Balls and striker are called. Suspense kept up - at last Joe strikes the ball and runs off L of stage) (Voices cheers and applause) are heard)

Voices

Come on Joe: Come on, etc. (Joe makes circuit behind back drop, reappears sliding to plate. Figure of opposing catcher over him-catching ball.)

Umpire's voice.

Safe:

Cheers outside.

(Lights down at back. Lights up in front)

Voices.

A home run: A home run: (Enters everybody, except Mawson for final picture.(Joe borne in on shoulders)

Joe

Ethel: (He gets down, embraces her)

Ethel

My Joe:

Burt

Our Joe - Ethel:

Omnes

Our Joe: (Picture and

C U R T A I N.
" " " " " " "

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